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A Word....

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Moderate Drinkers.

By Mary A. Freeman.

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Word to Moderate Drinkers.

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NOTICE.

The proceeds of the sale of this tract will be used toward a building for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Eureka Springs. Will not W. C. T. U. women and friends of temperance help us to sell a large number? Place one in the hand of every moderate drinker in the land. Friends, please do not lay this aside as of no consequence. To us who are struggling to maintain the work here it means much. Will not many who have been restored to health by the life-giving waters of these springs, assist us in this work? Orders can be sent to

Mrs. J. C. Fraker,
Eureka Springs, Ark.

A Word to Moderate Drinkers.

BY MARY A. FREEMAN.

THIS appeal is made, not to habitual inebriates, but to those who indulge in an occasional glass. God created man in His own image, created him a perfect man; perfect in the symmetry of his natural body, also perfect in his moral and spiritual being. The purity of his intellect prior to the advent of sin was as absolute as that of the angels in Heaven. His pure appetite sought only such things as the Creator had in His bountiful beneficence provided. The delicious fruits of the garden and the sparkling water that gushed from the bosom of Mother Earth, fully satisfied the longings of his physical nature. The gentle zephyrs that floated over the grassy plains laden with the breath of flowers, spoke to him of the love of the Divine Being who formed him for his own glory and provided for all his wants. In his innocence man delighted to commune with his Maker and dwell in the presence of the High and Holy God. But ah! Into this beautiful world came sin, and its offspring: jealousy, hatred, falsehood, intemperance and crime. We will consider one of these, viz., intemperance, and as applied to the use of alcoholic drinks.

Look abroad over the inhabitants of this

world: instead of man in his original beauty, we see him deformed in body, debase in intellect, his appetites vitiated, and all that was once lovely in his nature wrecked by intemperance. He no longer loves to think of God, for with every thought of Him, his own guilt stares him in the face. He shrinks from contemplating the glories revealed to mankind through God's Holy Word; for there he reads in unmistakable lines, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God." Where love once reigned supreme, the spirit of hatred holds the scepter. The midnight assassin takes his way through the streets of our cities, his hands drenched in the blood of his fellow-beings. Poverty and suffering surround us on every side. From the prince to the beggar, over all classes, does this Demon of Intemperance exert his power. Surely the Prince of Darkness and all his allies united their satanic power when alcohol was invented. Yet, this liquid poison is being manufactured and poured out almost without limit!

We have become so accustomed to hear and read statistics that they fall upon our consciousness almost unheeded; but, imagine ourselves the inhabitants of some fair land where, hitherto alcohol has been unknown, and that by some mysterious agency, the devastating flood is in one hour poured upon it. What consternation, what despair, seizes every heart!

Look! See them fall! Here is a young man, the hope and pride of his family, he has had every advantage that love and money could procure. Fair young forms clustered round his pathway; eager faces were upturned to his;

even the casual observer could not fail to notice the nobility stamped upon his brow. *He* has fallen a prey to the destroyer.

There is one whose dignified bearing portrays the statesman and the scholar. In legislative halls his impassioned eloquence has moved thousands to tears; the great heart of a nation has thrilled at his earnest appeals. See, now! he is wallowing in the gutter.

Appears another victim of this curse to humanity; a poor, tottering old lady, bending under the weight of years. Once she was the mother of three lovely boys; now she is broken-hearted and alone in the world. Her fond and loving companion lies yonder in a drunkard's grave. Her eldest boy is peering through the iron grate that shuts him out from all society. Her second son hangs dangling from the gallows as a just retribution for crime. Who is this murderer's victim? His own brother. Yes, the curly-headed, blue-eyed boy his playmate through childhood, and whom their mother still calls her "baby." Light and happiness have gone out from that mother's life, and with clasped hands and aching heart she longs for death.

Terrible pictures? Fearful scenes? They are around us on every side. Go where we will, we meet instance after instance too horrible for description. Take up any newspaper; there are accounts of crime and suffering that cause the blood to curdle in our veins. The cause of this wretchedness and woe? In nine cases out of ten, the use of alcoholic drinks.

In contending against intemperance we meet a variety of excuses. Among these is the one

so frequently urged: "Oh, I shall never be a drunkard. What's the use of making such an ado about this thing? I *know* what I'm about; I'm only a *moderate* drinker. I don't believe in getting drunk any more than you do; but, then, I think there is no harm in taking a glass now and then. Why I shall never drink to excess, but a little moderate use of liquors won't hurt anyone."

Let me ask you: Where do drunkards come from? Did you ever know a total abstainer to become a drunkard? No, never. Whence, then, comes the steady re-enforcements to the drunkards' ranks? There are over eight hundred thousand confirmed drunkards in the United States alone. Of this number it is claimed that eighty thousand die annually and are consigned to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell.

Now, were it not that others are being continually added to the list, you see that in ten years there would be no drunkards. But not so; for, close in the wake of those who are rapidly disappearing, comes a vast throng of moderate drinkers. The appetite is already formed, the will power weakened, and they take their places among the habitual drinkers. They are no longer moderate drinkers, but—drunkards.

But you say: "That's only weak-minded men; I'm not one of that kind. I can quit whenever I have a mind."

Well, then, suppose you quit. Suppose you "have a mind"; for, be sure that is something you are losing fast at the rate you are going. You will never have a better time, never as good a time as *now*. Besides, you know not what you do when you trifle with your appetite in this matter.

It has been proved beyond successful controversy, that the appetite for strong drink can be transmitted from parent to child, and, in some cases, still farther. There may be slumbering within you that love for liquor which needs only to be fostered for a short time to get control over you.

Rev. H. H. Murray, who was a few years ago a young and popular pastor of a Congregational Church in Boston, says: "You are talking like silly idiots when you say, there is no danger in the cup. I know from the blood of five generations of cider-drinking ancestors in my veins, the danger there is in this thing. There is not a scent of liquor that is not pleasant to me, that would not be a precious drop to my tongue.

"Look at me! Do I look like a man easy to be overcome by temptation? Do you know my life? Go back and learn it and see what I have suffered; and yet I say to you—with this background of evidence—I declare to you as I value my manhood, my standing in society and *my soul*, I would not *dare* to drink for three weeks a glass of ardent spirits a day.

"The chasm yawns at your feet and mine. Those who say there is no danger in that first glass, do not recognize the peril of hereditary weakness."

"I only drink beer. Beer wont hurt anyone." Who is it says that? How do you know it?

Beer does harm people, for it engenders an appetite for stimulants, and in a very short time beer will not satisfy that appetite, and you will seek for something stronger. The only difference is, more beer is required to cause intoxication than of other liquors; and mark you,

"whatever makes drunk, makes drunkards." A Cincinnatti physician says that one of the worst cases of delirium tremens he ever attended was that of a German who drank nothing but lager.

Let us look at this subject from another standpoint. You, my friend, who claim to be only a moderate drinker, have *already* entered the fatal stream that is yearly plunging its thousands into a drunkard's grave; the death-demon is just behind you, though you see him not. The shadow of his dark wings is resting upon your brow and his influence is felt in your heart.

You wish proof of this? You know that when we have a particular regard for any person or object, we very much dislike to hear anything disparaging about them. Whenever you hear temperance people speak of the evils of drinking, even moderately, do not your feelings revolt? Do you not sometimes call them cranks and fanatics? As you read these sentences, what epithet do you apply to the writer? Do you not characterize the expressions as "too strong," the scenes as "over-drawn?" Let me tell you why you are blind to the magnitude of the liquor curse: *You sympathize with it.* Did you not possess this sympathy you would not be offended; having this sympathy you are sensitive. Oh, that word "sensitive!" We are "sensitive" for the reputation of our *friends*; we feel every detraction intended for them. The liquor interest is then your friend! Tell me, is it not clear then that you are in danger of becoming a drunkard? O, my brother, consider what you are doing!

What *are* you doing? You are wasting precious years of your life; soon they will have fled

away forever. A body that God intended as a dwelling-place for His Holy Spirit is being made a habitation for sin; and the soul, the immortal part, instead of growing and expanding as He intended it should, is being dwarfed and disfigured. How unlike His own glorious image! The faculties of mind that, if rightly improved, no fetter is strong enough to bind, you allow to grovel amid the debasing scenes of the bar-room, giving, perhaps, scarcely an hour to thoughtful meditation or careful investigation in regard to your true relation toward God and man, or to your destiny hereafter.

God has given you talents, but they are unimproved. Life, stern life, with its opening fields of usefulness all around you, calls you to perform your part in the great struggle against sin.

Brothers, there's a higher, nobler life to live; there are purer joys and holier aspirations beckoning you onward and upward. Rise to nobler manhood. Dash to earth the cup that lures but to destroy, and with a firm and steady purpose march in the temperance ranks resolved to fight the demon alcohol as long as you live. Carefully consider this subject. Think of your individual responsibility to God; think of your influence over your fellow-beings. Think; and then, in the words of old, pray: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

And what shall I say of the poor drunkard? He started out on life's voyage full of hope and vigor and in an evil hour was taken captive by the enemy. A few years ago he was only a moderate drinker, and thought little of the dan-

ger before him. Now, he is often in a fit of beastly intoxication; and it would be difficult to find him entirely free from the influence of liquor—that subtle influence that, ere he was aware, robbed him of independence of character and all true principles of manhood, and caused him to yield to those desires which belong alone to the brute creation. He is now seldom seen in the sanctuary, his business is neglected, and he is rapidly going the downhill road. He allows his wife and children to suffer hunger and cold, that he may satisfy his longing for drink, and his sensibilities are so blunted that he cares not, though he crush the hearts of those who love him best.

He is bound with chains so strong he cannot break away. Cannot did I say? No, that is not the word. He can reform, but he must do it quickly, and must be *in earnest.* I remember hearing of a man reformed from a life of dissipation, who would not even pass by a saloon. Rather than place himself so near temptation, he went out of his way in going to and from his work. All honor to such a man!

Do not be discouraged because you may have tried before and failed. Never was there a time when the good of all classes felt such an anxiety in your behalf as now. The prayers of God's people are going up all over the land, from valley and plain, from shore to shore for the deliverance of the world from strong drink.

And, oh, how many hours your faithful wife spends pleading for you, while you are absorbed in revelry and sin.

There is another whose solicitude will cease only with her life. What was it you heard as

you stole into the house after that last drunken carousal? Ah! It was the voice of your mother pleading with all the agony of a mother's soul: "Oh, God, save my son!" If there is aught akin to a Savior's love for a lost and ruined race, it is a mother's love for her wayward child.

Come, then, assert the dignity of your manhood, and resolve that, *by the grace of God*, you will hereafter be a temperance man. He has said "My grace is sufficient for thee,' and you may safely trust Him. Ask Him to take away the appetite; then be careful not to place yourself near the hateful stuff, nor allow your eye to rest upon it, nor its poisonous fumes to mingle with your breath; and, surely as you pursue this course, you will come off conqueror.

Yet, let us look at the consequences if you continue your present course. A few short years and the earth will fall upon your coffin lid; you will fill an unhonored grave, there to await the awful sound that calls the nations of the earth to judgment. At last that hour arrives. The trump is sounded; the dead arise. You are summoned before the tribunal of a just and holy God. How you tremble as the Judge of all Mankind pronounces the awful sentence, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting punishment!" Who can picture that scene? Words can give us no adequate idea of the anguish of that moment of final separation. Hark! Listen to that wail of despair:

"Farewell, companions of my youth and riper years! You strove to win me from the haunts of sin, but I heeded you not. O, had I lis-

tened to your warning! But it is now too late, too late.

"Farewell father, mother; you who trained my infant feet to walk in the paths of purity, farewell! E'en now I remember how earnestly you prayed that your boy might shun the way of evil doers, while by your example as well as precept, you tried to lead me to Christ; but I despised your counsel, I chose the road to ruin.

"Farewell, fond wife! Nevermore shall I behold your face. I recall your patient sufferings, your gentle reproofs, your prayers and your tears. Yes, I remember them all. O, had I, had I listened to the voice of conscience and the dictates of my own better judgment; had I accepted salvation, I might now join yonder shining throng and help to swell the chorus of the redeemed, instead of being consigned to the dark realms of endless despair.

"Farewell, Jesus! Thou Lamb of God, though I slighted thy offers of mercy and oft profaned thy precious name, though I scorned thy pitying glance as it fell from the cross, I now would give worlds were they mine, could I receive one smile from thy countenance. But I have bartered away my friends, my soul, my Heaven!

"And what have I received? A drunkard's life and a drunkard's hell."

Ah! Who would choose a drunkard's doom?

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